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*By Exchange  
of Duplicates.*

*Jan., 1860.*



## RECOMMENDATIONS.

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*Extracts from Notices that have been printed,  
relative to Mr. Beecher's Lectures.*

This work seems to be a clear, compact, and well written Treatise, and well adapted for usefulness for all classes, more especially to young men.

JOEL PARKER.

E. S. ELY.

JOSEPH F. BERG.

ROBERT ADAIR.

JOHN G. WILSON,

Methodist minister.

A. D. GILLETTE,

Baptist minister.

H. D. MOORE,

Congregational minister.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1849.

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This work should be in every family library.

T. R. CHESY, Baptist minister.

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I know of no work so admirably calculated to lead to correctness of thought and action, and I earnestly recommend it to the study of every young man who desires to become eminently respectable and useful.

JOHN M'LEAN,

Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

N. B.—Numerous other recommendations might be introduced, but the reading of a single page in any part of the work will convince every intelligent person that the universal approbation which these Lectures have received is not unmerited.

H. B. T.

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# INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS,

WITH

## CAUSES OF DISHONESTY;

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

Six Warnings,

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,

OF BROOKLYN, (L. I.) N. Y.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. H. B. TAYLOR,

OF EVANS, ERIE CO., N. Y.



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By Exchange of Duplicates

## INTRODUCTION.

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**THE** subject matter of the following essay is from the pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, L. I., a distinguished and zealous minister of Christ's Gospel. Coming as it does from a warm heart, it is hoped that it will be duly appreciated. The subjects themselves being so important, and in many instances so applicable, is a sufficient apology for scattering it extensively over the country.

No wonder then that Mr. Beecher should lecture on these subjects, and as but very little has ever been published on these topics, information relative to their evils and their causes is imperatively demanded, and should be sent abroad as upon the wings of the wind. Great brevity, on my part especially, becomes me in view of the very able, interesting, and

laconic manner in which the subject is discussed by the author, whose praise is in all the churches.

None can fail to be interested in reading Mr. Beecher's essay, whether saint or sinner, young or old, orthodox or heterodox, indolent or industrious.

His style is peculiar to himself, and easily distinguished by all those who have ever heard him preach or read his manuscript. He has studied brevity, and yet the subject is sufficiently illustrated to make it highly beneficial to all classes. With these brief allusions to the work, it is submitted to the consideration of all into whose hands it may fall.

H. B. TAYLOR.



# IDLENESS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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WHEN a son is sent abroad to begin life for himself, what gift would any parent consider excessive to him who should sit down by his side, and open the several dangers of his career; so that the young man should, upon meeting the innumerable covert forms of vice, be able to penetrate their disguises; and to experience, even for the most brilliant seductions, a hearty and *intelligent* disgust?

Having watched the courses of those who seduce the young—their arts, their blandishments, their pretences; having witnessed the beginning and consummation of ruin, almost in the same year, of many young men, naturally well disposed, whose downfall began with the *appearances* of innocence; I felt an earnest desire, if I could, to raise the suspicion of the young, and to direct their reason to the arts by which they are, with such facility, destroyed.

I ask every YOUNG MAN who may read this, not to submit his judgment to mine, not to hate because I denounce, nor blindly to follow me; but to weigh my reasons, that he may form his own judgment. I only claim the place of a companion; and that I may gain his ear, I have sought to present truth in those forms which best please the young; and though I am not without hope of satisfying the aged and the wise, my whole thought has been *to carry with me the intelligent sympathy of YOUNG MEN.*

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THE bread which we solicit of God, he gives us through our own industry. Prayer sows it, and industry reaps it.

As industry is habitual activity in some useful pursuit, so, not only inactivity, but also all efforts without the design of usefulness, are of the nature of idleness. The supine slug-gard is no more indolent than the bustling do-nothing. Men may walk much, and read much, and talk much, and pass the day without an unoccupied moment, and yet be substantially idle; because industry requires, at least, the intention of usefulness. But gazing, lounging, mere pleasure-mongering, reading for the relief of ennui—these are as useless as sleeping, or dozing, or the stupidity of a surfeit. A bee is not more active than a fly, but it is more industrious, for

usefully diligent; but the fly has no end in life, but vexatious buzzing and prying impertinence.

There are many grades of idleness; and veins of it run through the most industrious life. We shall indulge in some descriptions of the various classes of idlers, and leave the reader to judge, if he be an indolent man, to which class he belongs.

1. The lazy-man.—He is of a very ancient pedigree; for his family is minutely described by Solomon: “How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou awake out of sleep?” This is the language of impatience; the speaker has been trying to awake him—pulling, pushing, rolling him over, and shouting in his ear; but all to no purpose. He soliloquizes whether it is possible for the man *ever* to wake up! At length, the sleeper drawls out a dozing petition to be let alone; “Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep;” and the last words confusedly break into a snore, that somnolent lullaby of repose. Long ago the birds have finished their matins, the sun has advanced full high, the dew has gone from the grass, and the labours of industry are far in progress, when our sluggard, awakened by his very efforts to maintain sleep, slowly emerges to perform life’s great duty of *feeding*—with him second only in importance to sleep. And now, well rested and suitably nourished, surely he will abound

in labour. "The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold." It is yet early spring; there is ice in the north; and the winds are hearty; so his tender skin shrinks from exposure, and he waits for milder days, envying the residents of tropical climates, where cold never comes, and harvests wave spontaneously. He is valiant at sleeping and at the trencher, but for other courage, "the slothful man saith, There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the street." He has not been out to see; but he heard a noise, and resolutely betakes himself to prudence. Under so thriving a manager, so alert in the morning, so busy through the day, and so enterprising, we might anticipate the thrift of his husbandry. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face of it, and its stone wall was broken down." To complete the picture, only one thing more is wanted—a description of his house—and then we should have, at on view, the lazy man, his farm, and house Solomon has given us that also: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droopeth through." Let all this be put together and possibly some reader may find an unpleasant resemblance to his own affairs.

Long and late sleeping, stupid lounging with indolent eyes, sleepily rolling over,

glected work; neglected because it is too cold in spring, and too hot in summer, and too laborious at all times—a great coward in danger, and therefore very blustering in safety. His lands running to waste, his fences dilapidated, his crops chiefly of weeds and brambles; a shattered house, the side leaning over as if wishing, like its owner, to lie down to sleep; the chimney tumbling down, the roof breaking in, with moss and grass spouting in its crevices; the well without the pump or windlass, and its water drawn up by a clothes-line, or a grape vine, with sometimes a pail, or jug, or iron pot affixed.

This is the very castle of indolence; I would rather be a stall-fed ox than to be its owner; for an ox answers his end, alive or dead; but a lazy man is good for nothing, dead or alive.

2. Another idler as useless, but vastly more active than the last, attends closely to every one's business except his own. His wife earns the children's bread and his; procures her own raiment and his; she procures the wood; she procures the water, while he, with hands in his pockets, is busy watching the building of a neighbour's barn; or advising another neighbour how to trim and train his vines; or he has heard of sickness in a friend's family, and is there to suggest a hundred cures, and to do every thing but to help; he is a spectator of shooting-matches, a stickler for a ring, and fair play at

every fight. He knows all the stories of all the families that live in the town. If he can catch a stranger at the tavern in a rainy day, he pours out a strain of information, a pattering of words, as thick as the rain-drops out of doors. He has good advice to every body, how to make money, how to do every thing; he can tell the saddler about his trade, he gives advice to the smith about his work, and goes over with him when it is forged to see the carriage-maker put it on, suggests improvements, advises this paint or that varnish, criticizes the finish, or praises the trimmings. He is a violent reader of newspapers, almanacs, and receipt books; and with scraps of history and mutilated anecdotes, he faces the very schoolmaster, and regards himself a match for the minister, and gives up only to the volubility of the oily village lawyer—few have the hardihood to match him.

And thus every day he bustles through his multifarious idleness, and completes his circle of visits, as regularly as the pointers of a clock visit each figure on the dial plate; but alas! the clock for ever tells man the useful lesson time passing steadily, and returning never; what useful thing do these busy buzzing idlers perform?

3. We introduce another idler. He follows no vocation; he only follows those who. Sometimes he sweeps along the streets, in consequential gait; sometimes perfumes it

wasted odours of tobacco. He also haunts sunny benches, or freezy piazzas. His business is *to see*; his desire to be seen, and no one fails to see him,—so gaudily dressed, his hat sitting aslant upon a wilderness of hair, like a bird half startled from its nest, and every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honour; not that he keeps his word or shrinks from meanness. He defrauds his laundress, his tailor and his landlady. He drinks and smokes at other men's expense. He gambles and swears—and fights, when he is too drunk to be afraid; but still he is a man of honour, for he has whiskers and looks fierce, and wishes very much to have mustachios, and say, "*Upon my honour, sir;*" "*Do you doubt my honour, sir?*"

Thus he appears by day; by night he does not appear: he may be dimly seen flitting; his voice may be heard loud in the carousal of some refection cellar, or above the songs and uproar of a midnight's return, and home staggering. This well-dressed creature is only a disguised beast; take from him articulate speech, and thrust him over upon his hands, and the natural philosopher would classify him without a moment's hesitation.

4. The next of this brotherhood excites our pity. He began life most thriftily, for his rising family he was gathering an ample subsistence, but involved in other men's affairs, he went down in their ruin. Late in life he begins once more, and at length just secure of

an easy competence, his ruin is compassed again. He sits down quietly under it, complains of no one, envies no one, refuseth the cup, and is even more pure in morals than in better days. He moves on from day to day, as one who walks under a spell—it is the spell of lethargy, of despondency, which nothing can disenchant or arouse. He neither seeks work nor refuses it. He wanders among men a dreaming gazer, poorly clad, always kind, always irresolute; able to plan nothing for himself, nor to execute what others have planned for him. He lives and he dies a discouraged man, and the most harmless and excusable of all idlers.

5. I have not mentioned the fashionable idler, whose riches defeat every object for which God gave him birth. He has a fine form, and manly beauty, and the chief end of life is to display it. With notable diligence he ransacks the market for rare and curious fabrics, for costly seals, and chains, and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat, or a vest, and adopts his conclusions upon the tastefulness of a button or a collar, with the deliberation of a statesman. Thus caparisoned he saunters in fashionable galleries, and flaunts in stylish equipage, or parades the streets with simpering belles, or delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery, or with choice



culled scandals. He is a reader of fiction, if they be not too substantial; a writer of cards and short letters, and is especially conspicuous in albums. Gay and frivolous, rich and useless, polished till the enamel is worn off; his whole life serves only to make him an animated puppet of pleasure. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public; and even what he gives to another is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships—to-day at a theatre—to-morrow at a church, as either exhibits the whitest hand or the most polished actor. A gaudy, active, and indolent butterfly, he flutters without industry from flower to flower, until summer closes, and frosts sting him, and he sinks down and dies, unthought of and unremembered.

6. One other portrait should be drawn of a business man, who wishes to subsist by his occupation, while he attends to every thing else. If a sporting club goes to the woods, he must go. He has set his line in every hole in the river, and dozed in a summer day under every tree along its bank. He rejoices in a riding party—a sleigh ride—a summer frolic—a winter's glee. He is everybody's friend—universally good-natured—for ever busy where it will do him no good, and remiss where his interest requires activity. He takes amusement for his main business, which other men employ as a relaxation; and the serious labour of life,

which other men are mainly employed in, he knows only as a relaxation. After a few years he fails—his good nature is somewhat clouded, and as age sobers his buoyancy, without repairing his profitless habits, he soon sinks to a lower grade of laziness, and to ruin.

It would be endless to describe the wiles of idleness—how it creeps upon men, how it secretly mingles with their pursuits, how much time it purloins from the scholar, from the professional man, and from the artisan. It steals minutes, it clips off the edges of hours, and at length takes possession of days. Where it has its will, it sinks and drowns employment; but where necessity, or ambition, or duty resist such violence, then indolence makes labour heavy; scatters the attention; puts us to our tasks with wandering thoughts, with irresolute purposes and with dreamy visions. Thus when it may, it plucks out hours and rules over them; and where this may not be, it lurks around them to impede the sway of industry and turn her seeming toils to subtle idleness. Against so mischievous an enchantress should be duly armed. I shall, therefore describe the advantages of industry, and the evils of indolence.

1. A hearty industry promotes happiness. Some men of the greatest industry are unfavourably affected from infelicity of disposition; they are nervous, or suspicious, or envious. Such qualities make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

stances. The more a wholesome soil is worked the more fruitful it will be; but to plough a morass, would only cause it to give forth its deadly exhalations.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion, and good sleep, are the elements of health, and industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labour the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions, with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. God rewards with a peculiar satisfaction, a mind in the daily discharge of its duty. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of principle, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and their gratification in it—these constitute a happiness as superior to the fever-flashes of vice, as the broad and serene light of day is superior to the storm-gleams of lightning at midnight. Men profit by man's researches in the useful arts—in the sciences—and in the fine arts. The mariner in strange seas, sails with the chart of other men's voy-

ages before him : and by their discoveries or their mishaps, he improves upon the track, as other ships follow his. If on life's sea, men were thus wise, fewer rovers would search for the golden islands of happiness in seas where they are never found. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing different from this, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches; but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every village has instances which ought to teach young men, that he who goes aside from the simplicity of nature, and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life : and sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonoured grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and admits that he abandoned the very home of happiness, when he forsook the labours of useful industry.

The poor man with industry, is happier than the rich man in idleness; for labour makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by license than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches—plushy carpets from oriental looms,—pillows of eider-down—carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible,—is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave who wove the carpet, the Indian who

hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steed?

2. Industry is the parent of thrift. In the over-burdened states of Europe, the severest toil often only suffices to make life a wretched vacillation between food and famine; but in America, industry is prosperity.

Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, he has made them accessible only to industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labour, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow on them greater skill and cultivation. The wheat and maize which crown our ample fields, were food fit but for birds, before man perfected them by labour. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colours, odours, and flavours. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop; and there is scarcely an assignable limit, to which the hand of skill and labour may not bear the powers of nature,—its fruits and its flocks.

In this land of plenty, the relation between

industry and affluence is so sure, that I may safely say that riches are the sure heritage of industry, and poverty is the sure offspring of indolence. The scheming speculations of the last ten years have produced an aversion among the young to the slow accumulations of ordinary industry, and fired them with a conviction that shrewdness, cunning, and bold ventures are a more manly way to wealth. There is a swarm of men, bred in the heats of adventurous times, whose thoughts scorn pence and farthings, and who humble themselves to speak of dollars;—*hundreds* and *thousands* are their words. They are men of *great* operations. Forty thousand dollars is a moderate profit of a single speculation. They mean to own the Bank, and to look down, before they die, upon Astor and Girard. The young farmer became almost ashamed to meet his school-mate whose stores line whole streets, whose stock are in every bank and company, and whose increasing money is already well-nigh inestimable. But if the butterfly derides the bee in summer, he was never known to do it in the lowering days of autumn.

Every few years, commerce has its earthquakes, and the tall and toppling warehouses which haste ran up, are first shaken down. The hearts of men fail them for fear; and suddenly rich, made more suddenly poor, the land with their loud laments. But not strange has happened. When the whole s

of commercial disasters is told, it is only found out that they, who slowly amassed the gains of useful industry, built upon a rock; and they, who flung together the imaginary millions of commercial speculations, built upon the sand. When time grew dark, and the winds came, and the floods descended and beat upon them both—the rock sustained the one, and the shifting sand let down the other. If mammon would tell its secrets, it would be known that while industry inherits wealth, speculation only dreams of it. One is the heir, and the other the hungry expectant. If a young man has no higher ambition in life than riches—industry—plain, rugged, brown-faced, homely clad, old-fashioned industry, must be courted. Young men are pressed with a most unprofitable haste. They wish to reap before they have ploughed or sown. Every thing is driving at such a rate, that they have become giddy. Laborious occupations are avoided. Money is to be earned in genteel leisure, with the help of fine clothes, and by the soft seductions of smooth hair and luxuriant whiskers.

Parents, equally wild, foster the delusion. Shall the promising lad be apprenticed to his uncle, the blacksmith? The sisters think the blacksmith so very smutty; the mother shrinks from the ungentility of his swarthy labour; the father, weighing the matter prudently deeper, finds that a whole life had been spent

in earning the uncle's property. These sagacious parents, wishing the tree to bear its fruit before it has ever blossomed, regard the long delay of industrious trades as a fatal objection to them. The son, then, must be a rich merchant, or a popular lawyer, or a broker; and these only as the openings to speculation—in whose realm are supposed to lie all the mines of silver and gold.

Young business men are often educated in a very unthrifty species of contempt; a contempt for hard labour. To do one's own errands, to wheel one's own barrow, to be seen with a bundle, bag, or burden, is disreputable. Men are so sharp, now-a-days, that they can compass by their shrewd heads, what their fathers used to do with their heads and hands. The best method of merchandizing may be thus stated. Purchase upon credit, hire a book-keeper and salesman; smoke your cigar while they conduct your affairs; and if you make nothing, a man who began with nothing can lose nothing. Would you practise law? Go to an eminent attorney's office, read Byron, Bulwer, and Dickens. Then run for the legislature, and by the exceeding desert of filthy services rendered to the party, be sent to congress, and tampering with executive vanity, go abroad a minister, or come home a judge, to make decisions in term time, and flirtations in vacation.

Would you be a speculator? Buy up son



thousands' worth of produce upon credit, run it to New Orleans and cash it; return home and break. A few turns thus well planned, will leave you an ample fortune, with which to visit foreign parts. But would you be an honest man, and enjoy a competence, with pleasure unknown to the hasty wealth of sly roguery?—**WORK!** Let your sweat-drops wash your gains from all dishonesty. You shall live to tell your children, that you have observed or felt the wisdom of the royal preacher: *wealth garnered by vanity shall diminish, but wealth gathered by labour shall increase.*

3. Industry gives character and credit to the young. The reputable portion of society have maxims of prudence, by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions, settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty, are apt to be associated with industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow would be economical or trustworthy. An employer would judge wisely, that where there was little regard for time, or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilfer-

ings of the till, and robberies, are fit deeds for idle clerks and lazy apprentices. Industry and knavery are sometimes found associated; but men wonder at it, as at a strange thing. The epithets of society, which betoken its experience, are all in favour of industry. Thus the terms "a hard-working man," "an industrious man," "a laborious artisan," are employed to mean an *honest man*, a *trustworthy man*.

I may here, as well as any where, impart the secret of what is called *good* and *bad luck*. There are men, who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments;—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains.

man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But, when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know that he has had bad luck,—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

4. Industry is a substitute for genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity—as the faculty of music in Mozart—invention in Fulton,—ideality in Milton,—we call their professor a genius. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do any thing without labour. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. His mind does not absorb knowledge, but radiates it. He is eloquent without preparation; exact without calculation; and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research; a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral,

through whose coloured windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colours of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist. We have the testimony of those veracious chroniclers, the poets, that they do; and numerous instances are pointed out in a class of fictions called biographies.

So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies; in village debating clubs; in coteries of young artists, and among young professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair, and very open shirt collars; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much, yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable and very useless:—beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

The occupations of the great man, and of the common man, are necessarily, for the most part, the same; for the business of life is made up of minute affairs, requiring only judgment and diligence. A high order of intellect required for the discovery and defence of truth, but this is an unfrequent task. Where the ordinary wants of life once require second principles, they will need the application of familiar truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds of knowledge, must go out with bold adventure beyond the common

walks of men. But only a few pioneers are needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men in each occupation may herald the advance of all the business of society. The vast bulk of men are required to discharge the homely duties of life; and they have less need of genius than of intellectual industry and patient enterprise. Young men should observe that those who take the honours and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce and of professional life, are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application, than for a brilliant genius. In the ordinary business of life, industry can do any thing which genius can do; and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dulness, squeamish at petty disgusts:—it loves a conspicuous place, a short work, and a large reward. It loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side-race, or rises above and overflows obstruction. What genius performs at one impulse, industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity of execution, and are upon one

level before men,—who see the *result*, but not the *process*.

It is admirable to know that those things which in skill, in art, and in learning, the world has been unwilling to let die, have not only been the conceptions of genius, but the products of toil. The master-pieces of antiquity, as well in literature as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish from an almost incredible continuance of labour upon them. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap in literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs industry, as much as industry needs genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toils. The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and for their broad surfaces above the ocean by minutest accretions of persevering labour. The conceptions of Michael Angelo would have perished like a night's phantasy, had his industry given them permanence.

From enjoying the pleasant walks

dustry we turn reluctantly to explore the paths of indolence.

All degrees of indolence incline a man to rely upon others, and not upon himself; to eat *their* bread, and not his own. His carelessness is somebody's loss; his neglect is somebody's downfall; his promises are a perpetual stumbling-block to all who trust them. If he borrows, the article remains borrowed; if he begs and gets, it is as the letting out of waters—no one knows when it will stop. He spoils your work; disappoints your expectation; exhausts your patience; eats up your substance; abuses your confidence; and hangs a dead weight upon all your plans; and the very best thing an honest man can do with a lazy man, is to get rid of him. Solomon says: *Bray a fool with a pestle, in a mortar with wheat, yet will not his folly depart from him.* He does not mention what kind of a fool he meant; but as he speaks of a fool by pre-eminence, I take it for granted he meant a *lazy man*; and I am the more inclined to the opinion, from another expression of his experience: *As vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.*

Indolence is a great spendthrift. An indolently inclined young man, can neither *make* nor *keep* property. I have high authority for this: *He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.*

When Satan would put ordinary men to a

crop of mischief, like a wise husbandman, he clears the ground, and prepares it for seed; but he finds the idle man already prepared, and he has scarcely the trouble of sowing; for vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seeds, shaking and scattering them all abroad. Indeed, lazy men may fitly be likened to a tropical prairie, over which the wind of temptation perpetually blows, drifting every vagrant seed from hedge and hill, and which—without a moment's rest through all the year—waves its rank harvest of luxuriant weeds.

First, the imagination will be haunted with unlawful visitants. Upon the outskirts of towns are shattered houses, abandoned by reputable persons. They are not empty, because all the day silent; thieves, vagabonds, and villains haunt them, in joint possession with rats, bats, and vermin. Such are idle men's imaginations—full of unlawful company.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The day-dreams of indolent youth, glow each hour with warmer colours, and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment, in which the passions revel; and it leads them out, in shadow at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colours of far-away clouds, are but the colours of the storm; the salacious day-dreams of indolent men, rosy at first and distant, deepen



every day, darker and darker, to the colour of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of indolence, so, upon such poverty, brood equivocation, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity,—these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Indolence as surely runs to dishonesty, as to lying. Indeed, they are but different parts of the same road, and not far apart. In directing the conduct of the Ephesian converts, Paul says, *Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good.* The men who were thieves, were those who had ceased to work. Industry was the road back to honesty. When stores are broken open, the idle are first suspected. The desperate forgeries and swindlings of past years have taught men, upon their occurrence, to ferret their authors among the unemployed, or among those vainly occupied in vicious pleasures.

The terrible passion for stealing rarely grows upon the young, except through the necessities of their idle pleasures. Business

is first neglected for amusement, and amusement soon becomes the only business. The appetite for vicious pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. The theatre, the circus, the card table, the midnight carouse, demand money. When scanty earnings are gone, the young man pilfers from the till. First, because he hopes to repay, and next, because he despairs of paying—for the disgrace of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, but not their respective pleasures. Next, he will gamble, since it is only another form of stealing. Gradually excluded from reputable society, the vagrant takes all the badges of vice, and is familiar with her paths; and, through them, enters the broad road of crime. Society precipitates its lazy members, as water does its filth; and they form at the bottom, a pestilent sediment, stirred up by every breeze of evil, into riots, robberies and murders. Into it drains all the filth, and out of it, as from a morass, flow all the streams of pollution. Brutal wretches, desperately haunted by the law, crawling in human filth, brood here their villain schemes, and plot mischief to man. Hither resorts the truculent demagogue, to stir up the fetid filth against his adversaries, or to bring up mobs out of this sea, which cannot rest, but casts up mire and dirt.

The results of indolence upon communities, are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people, the streets would be

clean ; houses neat and comfortable ; fences in repair ; school-houses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad, and well-behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshippers. The tavern would be silent, and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travellers. Grog-sellers would fail, and mechanics grow rich ; labour would be honourable, and loafing a disgrace. For music, the people would have the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's hammer ; and at home, the spinning-wheel, and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made ; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement. Town officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly, and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports, without fighting ; and elections would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

In a town of lazy men, I should expect to find crazy houses, shingles and weather-boards knocked off ; doors hingeless, and all a-creak ; windows stuffed with rags, hats, or pillows. Instead of flowers in summer, and warmth in winter, every side of the house would swarm with vermin in hot weather—and with starveling pigs in cold ; fences would be curiosities of lazy contrivance, and gates hung with ropes, or lying flat in the mud. Lank cattle

would follow every loaded wagon, supplicating a morsel, with famine in their looks. Children would be ragged, dirty, saucy; the school-house empty; the jail full; the church silent; the grog-shops noisy; and the carpenter, the saddler, and the blacksmith, would do their principal work at taverns. Lawyers would reign; constables flourish, and hunt sneaking criminals; burly justices, (as their interests might dictate,) would connive a compromise, or make a commitment. The peace officers would wink at tumults, arrest rioters in fun, and drink with them in good earnest. Good men would be obliged to keep dark, and bad men would swear, fight, and rule the town. Public days would be scenes of confusion, and end in rows; elections would be drunken, illegal, boisterous and brutal.

The young abhor the last results of idleness; but they do not perceive that the *first steps lead to the last*. They are in the opening of this career; but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence. But leisure, relaxation, and amusement, when men ought to be usefully engaged, are indolence. A specious industry is the worst idleness. A young man perceives that the first steps lead to the last, with every body but himself. He sees others become drunkards by social tippling,—he sips socially, as if *he* could not be a drunkard. He sees others become dishonest, by petty habits

of fraud ; but will indulge slight aberrations as if he could not become knavish. Though others, by lying, lose all character, he does not imagine that his little dalliances with falsehood will make *him* a liar. He knows that salacious imaginations, villanous pictures, harlot snuff-boxes, and illicit familiarities, have led thousands to her door, whose house *is the way to hell*; yet he never sighs or trembles lest these things should take *him* to this inevitable way of damnation !

In reading these strictures upon indolence, you will abhor it in others, without suspecting it in yourself. While you read, I fear you are excusing yourself ; you are supposing that your leisure has not been laziness : or that, with your disposition, and in your circumstances, indolence is harmless. Be not deceived : if you are idle, you are on the road to ruin : and there are few stopping places upon it. It is rather a precipice, than a road. While I point out the temptations to indolence, scrutinize your course, and pronounce honestly upon your risk.

1. Some are tempted to indolence by their wretched training, or rather, wretched want of it. How many families are the most remiss, whose low condition and sufferings are the strongest inducement to industry. The children have no inheritance, yet never work ; no education, yet are never sent to school. It is hard to keep their rags around them, yet

none of them will earn better raiment. If ever there was a case when a government should interfere between parent and child, that seems to be the one, where children are started in life with an education of vice. If, in every community, three things should be put together, which always work together, the front would be a *grogshop*,—the middle a *jail*,—the rear a *gallows*;—an infernal trinity; and the recruits for this three-headed monster, are largely drafted from the lazy children of worthless parents.

2. The children of rich parents are apt to be reared in indolence. The ordinary motives to industry are wanting, and the temptations to sloth are multiplied. Other men labour to provide a support; to amass wealth; to secure homage; to obtain power; to multiply the elegant products of art. The child of affluence inherits these things. Why should he labour who may command universal service, whose money subsidises the inventions of art, exhausts the luxuries of society, and makes rarities common by their abundance? Only the blind would not see that riches and ruin run in one channel to prodigal children. The most rigorous regimen, the most confirmed industry, and steadfast morality can alone disarm inherited wealth, and reduce it to a blessing. The profligate wretch, who fondly watches his father's advancing decrepitude, and secretly curses the lingering steps of death,

(seldom too slow except to hungry heirs,) at last is over-blessed, in the tidings that the loitering work is done—and the estate his. When the golden shower has fallen, he rules as a prince in a court of expectant parasites. All the sluices by which pleasurable vice drains an estate are opened wide. A few years completes the ruin. The hopeful heir, avoided by all whom he has helped, ignorant of useful labour, and scorning a knowledge of it, fired with an incurable appetite for vicious excitement, sinks steadily down—a profligate, a wretch, a villain, scoundrel, a convicted felon. Let parents who hate their offspring, rear them to hate labor, and to inherit riches, and before long they will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.

3. Another cause of idleness is found in the secret effects of youthful indulgence. The purest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. But the golden sand of pleasure is scattered along the courses of all the labours of love, or support, by which the family subsists. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness, existing by itself, is fraught with poison. When its exhilaration has thoroughly kindled the mind, the passions thenceforth refuse a simple food; they crave and require an excitement, higher than any ordinary occupation can give. After revelling all night, in wine-dreams, or amid the fascinations of the dance, or the deceptions of the drama,

what has the dull store, or the dirty shop which can continue the pulse at this fever-heat of delight? The face of pleasure to the youthful imagination, is the face of an angel, a paradise of smiles, a home of love; while the rugged face of industry, embrowned by toil, is dull and repulsive; but at the end it is not so. These are harlot charms which pleasure wears. At last when industry shall put on her beautiful garments, and rest in the palace which her own hands have built, pleasure, blotched and diseased with indulgences, shall lie down and die upon the dunghill.

4. Example leads to idleness. The children of industrious parents, at the sight of vagrant rovers, seeking their sports wherever they will, disrelish labour, and envy this unrestrained leisure. At the first relaxation of parental vigilance, they shrink from their odious tasks: idleness is begun when labour is a burden, and industry a bondage, and only idle relaxation a pleasure.

The example of political men, office-seekers, and public officers, is not usually conducive to industry. The idea insensibly fastens itself upon the mind that greatness and hard labour are not companions. The experience of youth imagines that great men are men of great leisure. They see them much in public, much applauded, and greatly followed. How disgusting in contrast, is a mechanic's life; a tinkering shop—dark and smutty—is the only



theatre of his exploits; and labour, which covers him with sweat, and fills him with weariness, brings neither notice nor praise. The ambitious apprentice, sighing over his soiled hands, hates his ignoble work; neglecting it, he aspires to better things—plots in a caucus, declaims in a bar-room, fights in a grog-shop, and dies in a ditch.

5. But the indolence begotten by venal ambition must not be so easily dropped. At those periods of occasional disaster, when embarrassments cloud the face of commerce, and trade drags heavily, sturdy labourers forsake industrial occupations, and petition for office. Had I a son able to gain a livelihood by toil, I had rather bury him, than witness his beggarly supplications for office, sneaking along the path of men's passions to gain his advantage; holding in the breath of his honest opinions, and breathing feigned words of flattery to hungry ears, popular or official; and crawling, viler than a snake, through all the unmanly courses by which ignoble wretches purloin the votes of the dishonest, the drunken, and the vile.

The late reverses of commerce have unsettled the habits of thousands. Manhood seems debilitated, and sturdy yeomen are ashamed of nothing but labour. For a farthing-pittance of official salary—for the miserable fees of a constable's office—for the parings and perquisites of any deputyship, a hundred men

in every village rush forward—scrambling, jostling, crowding—each more obsequious than the other to lick the hand that holds the omnipotent vote or the starveling office. The most supple cunning gains the prize. Of the disappointed crowd, a few, rebuked by their sober reflections, go back to their honest trade, ashamed and cured of office-seeking. But the majority grumble for a day, then prick forth their ears, arrange their feline arts, and mouse it again for another office. The general appetite for office and disrelish for industrial callings, is a prolific source of idleness ; and it would be well for the honour of young men if they were bred to regard office as fit only for those who have clearly shown themselves able and willing to support their families without it. No office can make a worthless man respectable, and a man of integrity, thrift, and religion, has name enough without badge or office.

6. Men become indolent through reverses of fortune. Surely, despondency is a grievous thing, and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the present, and no light in the future; but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity; and growing darker as they advance—to wear a constant expectation of wo like a girdle; to see want at the door, imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel, or courage to bear its tyranny—indeed, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful. It is

more dreadful if the *man* is wrecked with his fortune. Can any thing be more poignant in anticipation, than one's own self, unnerved, cowed down, and slackened to utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting down the troubled sea of life. Of all things on earth, next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous industry. If it brings nothing back, and saves nothing, it will save *him*. To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of a disgrace, but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm, amidst its rage and wild devastations; to let it beat over you, and roar around you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed—this is to be a MAN. Adversity is the mint in which God stamps upon us his image and superscription. In this matter man may learn of insects. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself before he will live without a web—the bee can be decoyed from his labour neither by plenty nor scarcity. If summer be abundant, it toils none the less; if it be parsimonious of flowers, the tiny labourer sweeps a wider circle, and by industry repairs the frugality of the season. Man should be ashamed to be rebuked in vain by the spider, the ant, and the bee.

*Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.*

## LECTURE II.

Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men.—2 Cor. viii. 21.

ONLY extraordinary circumstances can give the appearance of dishonesty to an honest man. Usually, not to *seem* honest, is not to *be* so. The quality must not be doubtful like the twilight, lingering between night and day, and taking hues from both; it must be daylight, clear and effulgent. This is the doctrine of the Bible: *Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, BUT ALSO IN THE SIGHT OF MEN.* If the needle traverses in the compass, you may be sure something has attracted it; and so good men's opinions will point steadily to an honest man, nor vibrate without a cause. In general, it may be said that no one has honesty without dross, until he has honesty without suspicion.

We are passing through times upon which the seeds of dishonesty have been sown broadcast, and they have brought forth a hundred fold. These times will pass away, but like ones will come again. As physicians study the causes and record the phenomena of plagues and pestilences, to draw from them an antidote against their recurrence, so should we leave to another generation a history of moral plagues, as the best antidote to their recurring malignity.

Upon a land—capacious beyond measure, whose prodigal soil rewards labour with an unharvestable abundance of exuberant fruits, occupied by a people signalized by enterprise and industry—there came a summer of prosperity which lingered so long, and shone so brightly, that men forgot that winter would ever come. Each day grew brighter. No reins were put upon the imagination. Its dreams passed for realities. Even sober men, touched with wildness, seemed to expect a realization of oriental tales. Upon this bright day came sudden frosts, storms, and blight. Men awoke from gorgeous dreams in the midst of desolation. The harvests of years were swept away in a day. The strongest firms were rent as easily as the oak by lightning. Speculating companies were dispersed as seared leaves from a tree in autumn. Merchants were ruined by thousands, clerks turned adrift by ten thousands. Mechanics were left in idleness. Farmers sighed over flocks and wheat, as useless as the stones and dirt. The wide sea of commerce was stagnant; upon the realm of industry settled down a sullen lethargy.

Out of this reverse swarmed an unnumbered host of dishonest men, like vermin from a carcass—or wolves and hyenas from a battle ground. Banks were exploded, or robbed—or fleeced by astounding forgeries. Mighty companies, without cohesion, went to pieces,

and hordes of wretches snatched up every bale that came ashore. Cities were ransacked by troops of villains. The unparalleled frauds, which sprung like mines on every hand, set every man to trembling lest the next explosion should be under his own feet. Fidelity seemed to have forsaken men. Many that had earned a reputation for sterling honesty were cast so suddenly headlong into wickedness that man shrank from man. Suspicion overgrew confidence, and the heart bristled with the nettles and thorns of jealousy. Then had almost come to pass the divine delineation of ancient wickedness: *The good man is perished out of the earth, and there is none upright among men: they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net. That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince and the judge ask for a reward; and the great man uttereth his mischievous desire; so they wrap it up. The best of them is a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge. . . . Trust ye not in a friend; put ye no confidence in a guide; keep the door of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom. For the son dishonoureth the father, the daughter riseth up against the mother. . . . A man's enemies are the men of his own house.\** The world looked up on a continent of inexhaustible fertility, (whose harvests had glutted the markets, and rotted

\* Micah vii. 2—6.

in disuse)—filled with lamentation, and its inhabitants wandering like bereaved citizens among the ruins of an earthquake, mourning for children, for houses crushed, and property buried for ever.

That no measure might be put to the calamity, the Church of God, which rises a stately tower of refuge to desponding men, seemed now to have lost its power of protection. When the solemn voice of religion should have gone over the land, as the call of God to guilty man, to seek in him their strength; in this time, when religion should have restored sight to the blind, made the lame to walk, and bound up the broken-hearted, she was herself mourning in sackcloth. Out of her courts came the noise of warring sects; some contending against others, with a warfare disgraceful to pirates; and some, possessed of a demon, wallowed upon the ground, foaming and rending themselves. In a time of panic, and disaster, and distress, crime, the fountain which should have been for the healing of men, cast up its sediments, and gave forth a bitter stream of pollution.

In every age, a universal pestilence has hushed the clamour of contention and cooled the heats of parties; but the greatness of our national calamity seemed only to enkindle the fury of political parties. Contentions never ran with such deep streams and impetuous currents, as amidst the ruin of our industry

and prosperity. States were greater debtors to foreign nations than their citizens were to each other. Both states and citizens shrunk back from their debts, and yet more dishonestly from the taxes necessary to discharge them. The general government did not escape, but lay becalmed, or pursued its course, like a ship, at every furlong, touching the rocks, or beating against the sands. The Capitol trembled with the first waves of a question which is yet to shake the whole land. New questions of exciting qualities perplexed the realms of legislation and of morals. To all this must be added a manifest decline of family government; an increase of the ratio of popular ignorance; a decrease of reverence for law, and an effeminate administration of it—Popular tumults have been as frequent as freshets in our rivers; and like them, have swept over the land with desolation and left their filthy slime in the highest places; upon the press; upon the legislature; in the halls of our courts; and even upon the sacred bench of justice. If unsettled times foster dishonesty, it should have flourished among us. And it has.

Our nation must expect a periodical return of such convulsions; but experience should steadily curtail their ravages, and remedy their immoral tendencies. Young men have before them lessons of manifold wisdom taught by the severest of masters,—experience.—



They should be studied; and that they may be, I shall, from this general survey, turn to a specific enumeration of the causes of dishonesty.

1. Some men find in their bosoms from the first, a vehement inclination to dishonest ways. Knavish propensities are inherent: born with the child and transmissible from parent to son. The children of a sturdy thief, if taken from him at birth, and reared by honest men, would, doubtless, have to contend against a strongly dishonest inclination. Foundlings and orphans under public charitable charge, are more apt to become vicious than other children. They are usually born of low and vicious parents, and inherit their parent's propensities. Only the most thorough moral training can overrule this innate depravity.

2. A child naturally fair-minded may become dishonest by paternal example. He is early taught to be sharp in bargains, and vigilant for every advantage. Little is said about honesty and much about shrewd traffic. A dexterous trick becomes a family anecdote; visitors are regaled with the boy's precocious keenness. Hearing the praise of his exploits, he studies craft, and seeks parental admiration by adroit knaveries. He is taught, for his safety, that he must not range beyond the law: that would be unprofitable. He calculates his morality thus: *Legal honesty is the best policy*,—dishonesty, then, is a bad bar-

gain—and therefore wrong—every thing is wrong which is unthrifty. Whatever profit breaks no legal statute—though it is gained by falsehood, by unfairness, by gloss; through dishonour, unkindness, and an unscrupulous conscience—he considers fair, and says: *The law allows it.* Men may spend a long time without an indictable action, and without an honest one. No law can reach the insidious ways of subtle craft. The law allows, and religion forbids men, to profit by others' misfortunes, to prowl for prey among the ignorant, to overreach the simple, to suck the life-drops from the bleeding; to hover over men as a vulture over herds swooping down upon the weak, the straggling, and the weary. The infernal craft of cunning men turns the law itself to piracy, and works outrageous fraud in the hall of courts, by the decisions of judges, and under the seal of justice.

3. Dishonesty is learned from one's employers. The boy of honest parents and honestly bred, goes to a trade, or a store, where the employer practises *legal* frauds. The plain honesty of the boy excites roars of laugh among the better-taught clerks. The master tells them that such blundering truthfulness must be pitied; the boy has evidently been neglected, and is not to be ridiculed for what he could not help. At first, it verily melts the youth's scruples, and tinges his face with a deliberate dishonesty, finish and

lish it. His tongue stammers at a lie; but the example of a rich master, the jeers and gibes of shopmates, with gradual practice, cure all this. He becomes adroit in fleecing customers for his master's sake, and equally dexterous in fleecing his master for his own sake.

4. **EXTRAVAGANCE** is a prolific source of dishonesty. Extravagance,—which is foolish expense, or expense disproportionate to one's means,—may be found in all grades of society; but it is chiefly apparent among the rich, those aspiring to wealth, and those wishing to be *thought* affluent. Many a young man cheats his business, by transferring his means to theatres, race-courses, expensive parties, and to the nameless and numberless projects of pleasure. The enterprise of others is baffled by the extravagance of their family; for few men can make as much in a year as an extravagant woman can carry on her back in one winter. Some are ambitious of fashionable society, and will gratify their vanity at any expense. This disproportion between means and expense soon brings on a crisis. The victim is straitened for money; without it he must abandon his rank; for fashionable society remorselessly rejects all butterflies which have lost their brilliant colours. Which shall he choose, honesty and mortifying exclusion, or gaiety purchased by dishonesty? The severity of this choice sometimes sobers the intoxicated brain; and a young man shrinks from

the gulf, appalled at the darkness of honesty. But to excessive vanity, high life with or without fraud, is paradise; and any other life purgatory. Here many resort to dishonesty without a scruple. It is at this point that public sentiment half sustains dishonesty. It scourges the thief of necessity, and pities the thief of fashion.

The struggle with others is on the very ground of honour. A wife led from affluence to frigid penury and neglect; from leisure and luxury to toil and want; daughters, once courted as rich, to be disesteemed when poor—this is the gloomy prospect, seen through a magic haze of despondency. Honour, love and generosity, strangely bewitched, plead for dishonesty as the only alternative to such suffering. But go, young man, to your wife; tell her the alternative; if she is worthy of you, she will face your poverty with a courage which shall shame your fears, and lead you into its wilderness and through it, all unshrinking. Many there be who went weeping into this desert, and ere long, having found in it the fountains of the purest peace, have thanked God for the pleasures of poverty. But if your wife unmans your resolution, imploring dishonour rather than penury, may God pity and help you! You dwell with sorceress, and few can resist her wiles.

5. DEBT is an inexhaustible fountain of dishonesty. The royal preacher tells us, *T*

*borrower is servant to the lender.* Debt is a rigorous servitude. The debtor learns the cunning tricks, delays, concealments, and frauds, by which slaves evade or cheat their master. He is tempted to make ambiguous statements; pledges, with secret passages of escape; contracts, with fraudulent constructions, lying excuses, and more mendacious promises. He is tempted to elude responsibility; to delay settlements; to prevaricate upon the terms: to resist equity, and devise specious fraud. When the eager creditor would restrain such vagrancy by law, the debtor then thinks himself released from moral obligation, and brought to a legal game in which it is lawful for the best player to win; he disputes true accounts; he studies subterfuges; extorts provocative delays; and harbours in every nook, and corner, and passage of the law's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up, and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honour; it has made the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud; it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions—anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten at every point, and the law will put her screws upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dishonesty into which he will not boldly plunge.

Some men put their property to the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the frantic tragedy by suicide, or the gallows. Others, in view of the catastrophe, have converted all property to cash, and concealed it. The law's utmost skill, and the creditor's fury, are alike powerless now—the tree is green and thrifty; its roots drawing a copious supply from some hidden fountain.

Craft is another harbour of resort for the piratical crew of dishonesty, viz: putting property out of the law's reach by a fraudulent conveyance. Whoever runs in debt and consumes the equivalent of his indebtedness; whoever is fairly liable to damage for broken contracts; whoever by folly has incurred debts and lost the benefit of his outlay; whoever is legally obliged to pay for his malice or carelessness; whoever by infidelity to public trusts, has made property a just remuneration for his defaults; whoever of all these, or whoever, under any circumstances, puts out of his hands property, morally or legally due to creditors, is a dishonest man. The crazy excuses which men render to their consciences, are only such as every villain makes, who is unwilling to look upon the black face of his crimes.

He who will receive a conveyance of property, knowing it to be illusive and fraudulent, is as wicked as the principal; and as much meaner, as the tool and subordinate of villany is meaner than the master who uses him.

If a church, knowing all these facts, or wilfully ignorant of them, allows a member to nestle in the security of the sanctuary; then the act of this robber, and the connivance of the church, are but the two parts of one crime.

Bankruptcy, although a branch of debt, deserves a separate mention. It sometimes crushes a man's spirit, and sometimes exasperates it. The poignancy of the evil depends much upon the disposition of the creditors; and as much upon the disposition of the victim. Should they act with the leniency of Christian men, and he with manly honesty, promptly rendering up whatever satisfaction of debt he has,—he may visit the lowest places of human adversity, and find there the light of good men's esteem, the support of conscience, and the sustenance of religion. The soil which yields gold is barren of all else, and those rich flowers and fruit yield no ore;—and the heart which has only gold, is barren indeed; but that poverty is not poor, in which every affection more sweetly blossoms and matures the richest fruits of love.

A bankrupt may fall into the hands of men whose tender mercies are cruel; or his dishonest equivocations may exasperate their temper and provoke every thorn and brier of the law. When men's passions are let loose, especially their avarice, whetted by real or imaginary wrong; when there is a rivalry among credi-

tors, lest any one should feast upon the victim more than his share, and they all rush upon him like wolves upon a wounded deer, dragging him down, ripping him open, breast and flank, plunging deep their bloody muzzles to reach the heart and taste blood at the very fountain; is it strange that resistance is desperate and unscrupulous? At length the sufferer drags his mutilated carcass aside, every nerve and muscle wrung with pain, and his whole body an instrument of agony. He curses the whole human crew with envenomed imprecations; and thenceforth, a brooding misanthrope, he pays back to society, by studied villanies, the legal wrongs which the relentless justice of a few, or his own knavery, have brought upon him.

7. There is a circle of moral dishonesties practised because the law allows them. The very anxiety of law to reach the devices of cunning, so perplexes its statutes with exceptions, limitations, and supplements, that like a castle, gradually enlarged for centuries, it has its crevices, dark corners, secret holes and winding passages—an endless harbour for rats and vermin, where no trap can catch them. We are villanously infested with legal rats and rascals who are able to commit the most flagrant dishonesties with impunity. They can do all of wrong which is profitable, without that part which is actionable. The very ingenuity of these miscreants excites such ad-



miration of their skill, that their life is gilded with a specious respectability. Men profess little esteem for blunt, necessitous thieves, who rob and run away; but for the gentleman who can break the whole of God's law so adroitly, as to leave man's law unbroken; who can indulge in such conservative stealing that his fellow men award him a place among honest men for the excessive skill of his dishonesty—for such a one, I fear, there is almost universal sympathy.

8. Political dishonesty breeds dishonesty of every kind. It is possible for good men to permit single sins to co-exist with general integrity, where the evil is indulged through ignorance. Once, undoubted Christians were slave-traders. They might be while unenlightened; but not in our times. A state of mind which will intend one fraud, will, upon occasion, intend a thousand. He that will lie upon one emergency, will be supplied with emergencies. He that will perjure himself to save a friend, will do it, in a desperate juncture, to save himself. The highest Wisdom has informed us that he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. Circumstances may withdraw a politician from temptation to any but political dishonesty; but under temptation a dishonest politician would be a dishonest cashier, would be dishonest any where, in any thing. The fire which burns on the hearth, would consume the dwelling, if permitted.

The fury which destroys an opponent's character, would stop at nothing, if barriers were thrown down. That which is true of the leaders in politics, is true of subordinates. Political dishonesty in voters, runs into general dishonesty, as the rotten speck taints the whole apple. A community whose politics are conducted by a perpetual breach of honesty on both sides, will be tainted by immorality throughout. Men will play the same game in their private affairs, which they have learned to play in public matters. The guile, the crafty vigilance, the dishonest advantage, the cunning sharpness; the tricks and traps and sly evasions; the equivocal promises, and unequivocal neglect of them, which characterize political action, will equally characterize private action. The mind has no kitchen to do its dirty work in, while the parlour remains clean. Dishonesty is an atmosphere; if it comes into one apartment, it penetrates into every one. Whoever will lie in politics, will lie in traffic. Whoever will slander in politics, will slander in personal squabbles. A professor of religion who is a dishonest politician, is a dishonest Christian. His creed is a perpetual index of his hypocrisy.

The genius of our government directs the attention of every citizen to politics. Its spirit reaches the outermost bounds of society, and pervades the whole mass. If its channels are slimy with corruption, what limit can be set

to its malign influence? The turbulence of elections, the virulence of the press, the desperation of bad men, the hopelessness of efforts which are not cunning, but only honest, have driven many conscientious men from any concern with politics. This is suicidal. Thus the tempest will grow blacker and fiercer. Our youth will be caught up in its whirling bosom and dashed to pieces, and its hail will break down every green thing. At God's house the cure should begin. Let the hand of discipline smite the leprous lips which shall utter the profane heresy: All is fair in politics. If any hoary professor, drunk with the mingled wine of excitement, shall tell our youth, that a Christian man may act in politics by any other rule of morality than that of the Bible; and that wickedness performed for a party, is not as abominable as if done for a man; or that any necessity justifies or palliates dishonesty in word or deed—let such a one go out of the camp, and his pestilent breath no longer spread contagion among our youth. No man who loves his country, should shrink from her side when she groans with raging distempers. Let every Christian man stand in his place; rebuke every dishonest practice; scorn a political as well as a personal lie; and refuse with indignation to be insulted by the solicitation of an immoral man. Let good men of all parties require honesty, integrity, veracity, and morality, in politics, and there, as power-

fully as any where else, the requisitions of public sentiment will ultimately be felt.

9. A corrupt public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment, in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honoured, are exalted—is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things. Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace a ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honourable feeling would find itself alone in a desert; in evil he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life, and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting the young; to domestic fidelity, a recreant; to common honour, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite; to modesty, a beast;—base in all that is worthy of man, and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful; and yet this wretch could go where he would; enter good men's dwellings, and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him, and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public

sentiment which produces ignominious knaves cannot breed honest men.

Any calamity, civil or commercial, which checks the administration of justice between man and man, is ruinous to honesty. The violent fluctuations of business cover the ground with rubbish over which men stumble and fill the air with dust, in which all the shapes of honesty are distorted. Men are thrown upon unusual expedients; dishonesties are unobserved; those who have been reckless and profuse, stave off the legitimate fruits of their folly by desperate shifts. Society resembles a city sacked by an army, in which each man seizes what opportunity allows, and carries off what his strength will permit. We have not yet emerged from a period in which debts were insecure; the debtor legally protected against the rights of the creditor; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect; and lowered to a dishonest insufficiency; and when thus diminished, not collected; the citizens resisting their own officers; officers resigning at the bidding of the electors; the laws of property paralyzed; bankrupt laws built up; and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them, lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back disdainfully upon the bench to despoil its dignity, and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dis-

honesty; and the gloom of our commercial disasters threatens to become the pall of our morals.

If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience intoned to a severer morality, our night is at hand—our midnight not far off. Wo to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice! Wo to a generation fed upon the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their father's unrighteousness; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association with the revered memories of father, brother, and friend!

But when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors; and states vie with states in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of a commonwealth; then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend, before whose flight honour fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the causes of growing dishonesty among the young, and the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when

states are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments?

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and run-away cashier—its duel and defaulter; and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villanies of each week obliterate those of the past.

This mania of dishonesty cannot arise from local causes; it is the result of disease in the whole community; an eruption betokening foulness of the blood; blotches symptomatic of a disordered system.

10. Financial agents are especially liable to the temptations of dishonesty. Safe merchants and visionary schemers; sagacious adventurers, and rash speculators; frugal beginners, and retired millionaires are constantly around them. Every word, every act, every entry, every letter, suggests only wealth—its germ, its bud, its blossom, its golden harvest. Its brilliance dazzles the sight; its seductions stir the appetites; its power fires the ambition, and the soul concentrates its energies to obtain wealth, as life's highest and only joy.

Besides the influence of such associations, direct dealing in money, as a commodity, has a

peculiar effect upon the heart. There is no property between it and the mind: no medium to mellow its light. The mind is diverted and refreshed by no thought upon the quality of soils; the durability of structures; the advantages of sites; the beauty of fabrics; it is not invigorated by the necessity of labour and ingenuity which the mechanic feels; by the invention of the artisan, or the taste of the artist. The whole attention falls directly upon naked money. The hourly sight of it whets the appetite, and sharpens it to avarice. Thus, with an intense regard of riches, steals in also the miser's relish of coin—the insatiate gazing and fondling, by which seductive metal wins to itself the blandishments of love.

Those who mean to be rich often begin by imitating the expensive courses of those who are rich. They are also tempted to venture before they have means of their own, in brilliant speculations, which open as blandly as spring—with as many germs, and the promise of a golden harvest. How can a young cashier pay the drafts of his illicit pleasures or procure the seed, for the harvest of speculation, out of his narrow salary? Here first begins to work the leaven of death. The mind wanders in dreams of gain: it broods, over projects of unlawful riches, stealthily at first, and then with less reserve; at last it boldly meditates the possibility of being dishonest, and safe. When a man can seriously reflect upon disho-



nesty as a possible and profitable thing, he is already deeply dishonest. To a mind so tainted, will flock stories of consummate craft, of effective knavery, of fraud covered by its brilliant success. At times the mind shrinks from its own thoughts, and trembles to look down the giddy cliff on whose edge they poise, or fling themselves like sporting sea-birds. But these imaginations will not be driven from the heart where they have once nestled. They haunt a man's business, visit him in dreams, and, vampire-like, fan the slumbers of the victim whom they will destroy. In some feverish hour, vibrating between conscience and avarice, the man staggers to a compromise. To satisfy his conscience he refuses to steal; and to gratify his avarice he borrows the funds;—not openly—not of owners—not of men; but of the till—the safe—the vault!

He resolves to restore the money before discovery can ensue, and pocket the profits.—Meanwhile false entries are made, perjured oaths are sworn, forged papers are filed. His expenses grow profuse, and some wonder from what fountain so copious a stream can flow.

Let us stop here to survey his condition.—He flourishes, is called prosperous, thinks himself safe. Is he safe or honest? He has stolen, and embarked the amount upon a sea over which wander perpetual storms; where wreck is the common fate, and escape the accident; and now all his chance for the semblance of

honesty, is staked upon the return of his embezzlement from among the sands, the rocks, the currents, the winds and waves, and darkness of tumultuous speculation. At length dawns the day of discovery. His guilty dreams have long betokened it. As he confronts the disgrace almost face to face, how changed is the hideous aspect of his deed, from that fair face of promise with which it tempted him? Conscience, and honour, and plain honesty, which left him when they could not restrain, now come back to sharpen his anguish. Overawed by the prospect of open shame, of his wife's disgrace, and his children's beggary, he crows down, and slinks out of life a frantic suicide.

Some there are, however, less supple to shame. They meet their fate with cool impudence; defy their employers; brave the court, and too often with success. The delusion of the public mind, or the confusion of affairs is such, that, while petty culprits are tumbled into prison, a cool, calculating, and immense scoundrel is pitied, dandled and nursed by a sympathizing community. In the broad road slanting to the rogue's retreat, are seen the officer of the bank, the agent of the state, the officer of the church, in indiscriminate haste, outrunning lazy justice, and bearing off the gains of astounding frauds. Meanwhile, the victim of these villanies, the good-natured public, as if bled to weakness, faintly asks, with complacent

smiles: "How speeds the race?" Avarice and pleasure seem to have dissolved the conscience. It is a day of trouble and of perplexity from the Lord. We tremble to think that our children must leave the covert of the family, and go out upon that dark and yesty sea, from whose wrath so many wrecks are cast up at our feet. Of one thing I am certain: if the church of Christ is silent to such deeds, and makes her altar a refuge to such dishonesty, the day is coming, when we shall have no altar, the light shall go out from her candlestick, her wall shall be desolate, and the fox look out at her windows.

11. Executive clemency, by its frequency, has been a temptation to dishonesty. Who will fear to be a culprit when a legal sentence is the argument for pity, and the prelude of pardon? What can the community expect but growing dishonesty, when juries connive at acquittals, and judges condemn only to petition a pardon: when honest men and officers fly before a mob; when jails are besieged and threatened, if felons are not relinquished; when the executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the fences of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded to their work of vengeance, or unjust mercy? A sickly sentimentality too often enervates the administration of justice; and the pardoning power becomes the master-key to

let out unwashed, unrepentant criminals. They have fleeced us, robbed us, and are ulcerous sores to the body politic; yet our heart turns to water over their merited punishment. A fine young fellow, by accident, writes another's name for his own; by a mistake equally unfortunate, he presents it at the bank; innocently draws out the amount; generally spends a part, and absent-mindedly hides the rest. Hard-hearted wretches there are, who would punish him for this! Young men, admiring the neatness of the affair, pity his misfortune, and curse a stupid jury that knew no better than to send to a penitentiary, him whose skill deserved a cashiership. He goes to his cell, the pity of a whole metropolis; bulletins from Sing Sing inform us daily what Edwards is doing, as if he were Napoleon at St. Helena. At length pardoned, he will go forth again to a renowned liberty!

If there be one way quicker than another by which the executive shall assist crime, and our laws foster it, it is that course which assures every dishonest man, that it is easy to defraud, easy to avoid arrest, easy to escape punishment, and easiest of all to obtain a pardon.

12. Commercial speculations are prolific of dishonesty. Speculation is the risking of capital in enterprises greater than we can control, or in enterprises whose elements are not all calculable. All calculations of the future are uncertain, but those which are based upon

long experience approximate certainty, while those which are drawn by sagacity from probable events, are notoriously unsafe. Unless, however, some venture, we shall for ever tread an old and dull path; therefore enterprise is allowed to pioneer new ways. The safe enterpriser explores cautiously, and increases the venture with the ratio of experience. A speculator looks out upon the new region as upon a far away landscape, whose features are softened to beauty by distance; upon a hope he stakes that, which, if it wins, will make him; and if he loses, will ruin him. When the alternatives are victory, or utter destruction, a battle may, sometimes, still be necessary. But commerce has no such alternatives; only speculation proceeds upon them.

If the capital is borrowed, it is as dishonest, upon such ventures, to risk, as to lose it.—Should a man borrow a noble steed and ride among incitements which he knew would rouse up his fiery spirit to an uncontrollable height, and borne away with wild speed, he plunged over a precipice, his destruction might excite our pity, but could not alter our opinion of his dishonesty. He borrowed property and endangered it where he knew that it would be uncontrollable. Sanguine to a seeming certainty, he staked and lost another's property, upon a hope.

If the capital be one's own, it can scarcely be risked, and lost, without the ruin of other

men. No man could blow up his store in a compact street, and destroy only his own.—Men of business are like threads of a fabric, woven together, and subject, to a great extent, to a common fate of prosperity or adversity.

I have no right to cut off my hand; I defraud myself, my family, the community, and God; for all these have an interest in that hand. Neither has a man the right to throw away his property. He defrauds himself, his family, the community in which he dwells: for all these have an interest in that property. If waste is dishonesty, then every risk, in proportion as it approaches it, is dishonest. It would be a high crime for a general heedlessly to hazard his whole army. Money is soldiery,—its owner the general; his forces are not to be risked needlessly, in engagements beyond his control or calculation. To venture, without that foresight which experience gives, is wrong; and if we cannot foresee, then we must not venture.

Scheming speculation demoralizes honesty, and almost necessitates dishonesty. He who puts his own interests in rash ventures, will scarcely do better for others. The speculator regards the weightiest affairs as only a splendid game. Indeed, a speculator on the exchange, and a gambler at his table, follow one vocation, only with different instruments. One employs cards or dice, the other property. The one can no more see the result of his

schemes, than the other what spots will come up on his dice; the calculations of both are only chances of luck. Both burn with unhealthy excitement; both are avaricious of gains, but careless of what they win; both depend more upon fortune than skill; they have a common distaste for labour; with each, right and wrong are only the accidents of a game; neither would scruple, in any hour, to set his whole being on the edge of ruin, and going over, to pull down, if possible, a hundred others.

The wreck of such men leaves them with a drunkard's appetite, and a fiend's desperation. The revulsion from extravagant hopes to a certainty of midnight darkness; the sensations of poverty, to him who was in infancy just stepping upon a princely estate; the humiliation of gleaning for cents, where he has been profuse of dollars; the chagrin of seeing old competitors now above him, grinning down upon his poverty in malignant triumph; the pity of pitiful men, and the neglect of such as should have been his friends,—and who were, while the sunshine lay upon his path—all these things, like so many strong winds, sweep across the soul, so that it cannot rest in the cheerless tranquillity of honesty, but casts up mire and dirt. They who meant to soar above all men, and by wild flights to compass imperial possessions, at last, bereft of wings, and unable to walk—crawl. How stately the bal-

loon rises and sails over continents, as over petty landscapes! The slightest slit in its frail covering, sends it tumbling down, swaying wildly, whirling hither and thither, until it plunges into some dark glen, out of the path of honest men, and too shattered to tempt even a robber. So have we seen a thousand men pitched down—so now, in a thousand places, may their wrecks be seen. But still other balloons are framing, and the air is full of victim-venturers.

If our young men are introduced into life with a distaste for safe ways, because the sure profits are slow; if the opinion becomes prevalent that all business is great, only as it tends to the uncertain, the extravagant, and the romantic; then we may stay our hand at once, nor waste labour in absurd expostulations of honesty. I had as lief preach humanity to a battle of eagles; or teach decency to vultures upon a carcass; or cleanliness to hyenas foul with human corpses, as to urge honesty and integrity upon those who have determined to be rich, and to gain it by gambling stakes, and madmen's ventures.

All the bankruptcies of commerce are harmless compared with a bankruptcy of public morals. Should the Atlantic ocean break over our shores, and roll sheer across to the Pacific, sweeping every vestige of cultivation, and burying our wealth, it would be a mercy, compared to that ocean deluge of dishonesty and



crime, which, sweeping over the whole land, has spared our wealth and taken our virtue. What are cornfields and vineyards, what are stores and manufactures, and what are gold and silver, and all the precious commodities of the earth among beasts?—and what are men, bereft of conscience and honour, but beasts?

We will forget those things which are behind, and hope for a more cheerful future. We turn to you, young men! All good men, all patriots, turn to watch your advance upon the stage, and to implore you to be worthy of yourselves and of your revered ancestry! Oh! ye favoured of Heaven! with a free land, a noble inheritance of wise laws, and a prodigality of wealth in prospect, advance to your possessions! May you settle down, as did Israel of old, a people of God, in a promised and protected land; true to yourselves, true to your country, and true to your God.

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### LECTURE III.

The generations of the upright shall be blessed, wealth and riches shall be in his house. Ps. cxii. 2, 3.

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool. Jer. xvii. 11.

WHEN justly obtained, and rationally used, riches are called a gift of God, an evidence of his favour, and a great reward. When gathered

unjustly, and corruptly used, wealth is pronounced a canker, a rust, a fire, a curse. There is no contradiction, then, when the Bible persuades to industry, obedience, and integrity, by a promise of riches ; and then dissuades from wealth, as a terrible thing, destroying soul and body. The bee has honey for its friends and a sting for its enemies. Blessings are vindictive to abusers, and kind to rightful users ; they serve us, or rule us. Fire warms our dwelling or consumes it. Steam serves man, and also destroys him. Iron, in the plough, the sickle, the house, the ship, is indispensable. The dirk, the assassin's knife, the cruel sword and the spear are iron also.

The constitution of man, and of society, alike evinces the design of God. Both are made to be happier by the possession of riches ;—their full development and perfection are dependent to a great extent upon wealth. Without it there can be neither books nor implements ; neither commerce nor arts, neither towns nor cities. It is a folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in a man by a constitutional faculty ; that with which he has associated high grades of happiness ;—that, which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is an artist ; by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build, and adorn ;—a master mechanic : and inspires man to invent, discover, to apply, forge and fashion :—a husbandman ; and under its

influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden ;—a manufacturer ; and teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, and colour and dress all useful fabrics ;—a merchant ; and sends forth ships, and fills warehouses with their returning cargoes, gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's patron : sustains his leisure, rewards his labour, builds the college, and gathers the library.

Is a man weak ?—he can buy the strong.—Is he ignorant ?—the learned will serve his wealth. Is he rude of speech ?—he may procure the advocacy of the eloquent. The rich cannot buy honour, but honourable places they can ; they cannot purchase nobility, but they may its titles. Money cannot buy freshness of heart, but it can every luxury which tempts to enjoyment. Laws are its body-guard, and no earthly power can safely defy it ; either while running in the swift channels of commerce, or reposing in the reservoirs of ancient families. Here is a wonderful thing, that an inert metal, which neither thinks nor feels, nor stirs, can set the whole world to thinking, planning, running, digging, fashioning, and drives on the sweaty mass with never-ending labours !

Avarice seeks gold, not to build nor buy therewith ; not to clothe or feed itself ; not to make it an instrument of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or religion. Avarice seeks it to heap it up ; to walk around the pile, and gloat

upon it, to fondle and court, to kiss and hug the darling stuff to the end of life, with the homage of beastly idolatry.

Pride seeks it; for it gives power, and place, and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like another thread, hoisted up and down by the treddle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece; this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it; what else can give it costly clothing, and rare ornaments, and stately dwellings, and showy equipage, and attract admiring eyes to its gaudy colours, and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it; because by it, may be had whatever is beautiful, or refining, or instructive. What leisure has poverty for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins, or curiosities?

Love seeks it; to build a home full of delights for father, wife, or child; and, wisest of all,

Religion seeks it; to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence, to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

What a sight does the busy world present, as of a great workshop, where hope, and fear, love and pride, and lust, and pleasure, and avarice, separate or in partnership, drive on the universal race for wealth: delving in the mine, digging in the earth, sweltering at the

forge; plying the shuttle; ploughing the waters, in houses, in shops, in stores, on the mountain-side, or in the valley, by skill, by labour, by thought, by craft, by force, by traffic: all men, in all places, by all labours, fair and unfair, the world around, busy, busy, ever searching for wealth, that wealth may supply their pleasures.

As every taste and inclination may receive its gratification through riches, the universal, and often fierce pursuit of it arises not from the single impulse of avarice, but from the impulse of the whole mind, and on this very account its pursuit should be more exactly regulated. The ship which cannot resist the gale, must be skilfully steered before it. The helm may be deserted in a calm, but never in a storm. Let me set up a warning over against the especial dangers which lie along the road to riches.

1. I warn you against thinking that riches necessarily confer happiness: and poverty unhappiness. Do not begin life by supposing that you shall be heart-rich, when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his disposition; if that be good, riches will bring pleasure; but only vexation, if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display, and not for use, to grin and chatter through the heartless

rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle:—can wealth make vanity happy by such folly? If wealth descends upon avarice, does it confer happiness? It blights the heart, as autumnal fires ravage the prairies! The eye glows with greedy cunning, conscience shrivels, the light of love goes out, and the wretch moves amidst his coin, no better, no happier, than a loathsome reptile in a mine of gold. A dreary fire of self-love burns in the bosom of the avaricious rich, as a hermit's flame in a ruined temple of the desert. The fire is kindled for no deity, and is odorous with no incense, but only warms the shivering anchorite.

Wealth will do little for lust, but to hasten its corruption. There is no more happiness in a foul heart, than there is health in a pestilent morass. Satisfaction is not made out of such stuff as fighting carousals, obscene revelry, and midnight beastliness. An alligator, gorging or swollen with surfeit, and basking in the sun, has the same happiness which riches bring to the human brute who eats to gluttony, drinks to drunkenness, and sleeps to stupidity. But riches indeed bless that heart whose almoner is benevolence. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure, if conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy, and generosity relieves them; if the public-spirited hand fosters all that embellishes and all that ennobles society, then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that poverty is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice, mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence, where virtues sleep, and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency makes; a deep dungeon, in which the victim wears hopeless chains: may God save you from that! There is a spiteful and envenomed poverty, which mean and cankered hearts, repairing none of their own losses, spit at others' prosperity, and curse the rich, themselves doubly cursed by their own hearts.

But there is a contented poverty in which industry and peace rule; and a contented and a joyful hope, which looks out into another world where riches shall neither fly nor fade. This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happiness, and find its own joy in their enjoyment. If a serene age finds you in such poverty, it is such a wilderness, if it be a wilderness, as that in which God led his chosen people, and on which he rained every day a heavenly manna.

If God open to your feet the way to wealth, enter it cheerfully; but remember that riches will bless or curse you, as your own heart determines. But if circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry,

do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut more dignity than in the palace; more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare than in the rich man's satiety.

2. Men are warned in the Bible against making haste to be rich. "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."\* This is spoken, not of the alacrity of enterprise, but of the precipitancy of avarice. That is an evil eye which leads a man into trouble by incorrect vision. When a man seeks to prosper by crafty tricks instead of careful industry; when a man's inordinate covetousness pushes him across all lines of honesty that he may sooner clutch the prize; when gambling speculation would reap where it had not strewn; when men gain riches by crimes, there is an evil eye which guides them through a specious prosperity, to inevitable ruin. So dependent is success upon patient industry, that he who seeks it otherwise tempts his own ruin. A young lawyer, unwilling to wait for that practice which rewards a good reputation, or unwilling to earn that reputation by severe application, rushes through all the dirty paths of chicane to a hasty prosperity; and he rushes out of it by the dirtier paths of discovered villany. A young politician, scarcely waiting till the law allows his majority, sturdily begs for that popularity which he should

\* Prov. xxviii. 22.



have patiently earned. In the ferocious conflicts of political life, cunning, intrigue, falsehood, slander, vituperative violence, at first sustain his pretensions, and at last demolish them. It is thus in all the ways of traffic, in all the arts and trades. That prosperity which grows like the mushroom, is as poisonous as the mushroom. Few men are destroyed, many destroy themselves. He whose haste sends him across lots for riches, takes the direct road to infamy, bankruptcy, the poor-house, the jail, and the gallows.

When God sends wealth to bless men, he sends it gradually, like a gentle rain. When God sends riches to punish men, they come tumultuously, like a roaring torrent, tearing up land-marks, and sweeping all before them in promiscuous ruin. Almost every evil which environs the path to wealth, springs from that criminal haste which substitutes adroitness for industry, and trick for toil.

3. Let me warn you against covetousness. Thou shalt not covet, is the law by which God sought to bless a favourite people. Covetousness is greediness of money. The Bible meets it by significant woes,\* by God's hatred,† by solemn warnings,‡ by denunciations,§ by exclusion from heaven.|| This pecuniary gluttony comes upon the competitors for wealth, insidiously. At first, business is only

\* Hab. ii. 9.

† Psalm x. 3.

‡ Luke xii. 15.

§ 1 Cor. v. 10, 11: Isaiah lvii. 17.

|| 1 Cor. vi. 10.

a means of paying for our pleasures. Vanity soon whets the appetite for money to sustain her parade and competition, to gratify her piques and jealousies. Pride throws in fuel for a brighter flame. Vindictive hatred often augments the passion, until the whole soul glows as a fervid furnace, and the body is driven as a boat, whose ponderous engine trembles with the utmost energy of steam.

Covetousness is unprofitable. It defeats its own purposes. It breeds restless daring, where it is dangerous to venture. It works the mind to fever, so that its judgments are not cool, nor its calculations calm. Greed of money is like fire; the more fuel it has, the hotter it burns. Every thing conspires to intensify the heat. Loss excites by desperation, and gain by exhilaration. When there is fever in the blood, there is fire on the brain; and courage turns to rashness, and rashness runs to ruin.

Covetousness breeds misery. The sight of houses better than our own, of dress beyond our means, of jewels costlier than we may wear, of stately equipage, and rare curiosities beyond our reach, these hatch the viper brood of covetous thoughts; vexing the poor—who would be rich; tormenting the rich—who would be richer. The covetous man pines to see pleasure; is sad in the presence of cheerfulness; and the joy of the world is his sorrow, because all the happiness of others is not his. I do not

wonder that God abhors\* him. He inspects his heart, as he would a cave full of noisome birds, or a nest of rattling reptiles, and loathes the sight of its crawling tenants.—To the covetous man life is a night-mare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may. Mammon might build its palace on such a heart, and pleasure bring all its revelry there, and honour all its garlands—it would be like pleasure in a sepulchre, and garlands on a tomb.

The creed of the greedy man is brief and consistent; and unlike other creeds, is both subscribed and believed. The chief end of man is to glorify gold and enjoy it for ever: life is a time afforded man to grow rich in: death, the winding up of speculation: heaven, a mart with golden streets: hell, a place where shiftless men are punished with everlasting poverty.

God searched among the beasts, (and he took a very mean one,) as a fit emblem of contempt, to describe the end of a covetous prince: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."† He whose heart is turned to greediness, who sweats through life under the load of labour only to heap up money, and dies without private usefulness, or a record of public service, is no better in God's estimation, than a pack-horse—a mule—an ass; a creature for burdens, to be beaten, and worked and killed, and dragged off by another like him, abandoned to the birds and forgotten.

\* Ps. x. 3.

† Jer. xxii. 19.

He is buried with the burial of an ass!—This is the miser's epitaph—and yours, young man! if you earn it by covetousness!

4. I warn you against selfishness. Of riches it is written: "There is no good in them but for a man to rejoice and do good in his life."\* If men absorb their property, it parches the heart so that it will not give forth blossoms and fruits, but only thorns and thistles. If men radiate upon others some rays of the prosperity which shines upon themselves, wealth is not only harmless, but full of advantage.

The thoroughfares of wealth are crowded by a throng who jostle, and thrust, and conflict, like men in the tumult of a battle. The rules which crafty old men breathe into the ears of the young are full of selfish wisdom; teaching them that the chief end of man is to harvest, to husband, and to hoard. Their life is made obedient to a scale of performances graded from sordid experience; a scale which has penury for one extreme, and parsimony for the other; and the virtues are ranked between them as they are relatively fruitful to physical thrift. Every crevice of the heart is caulked with costive maxims, so that no precious drop of wealth may leak out through inadvertent generousities. Indeed generosity and all its company are thought to be little better than pilfering pick-locks, against whose wiles the

\* Eccl. iii. 28.

heart is prepared, like a coin vault with iron-clenched walls of stone, and impenetrable doors. Mercy, pity, and sympathy are vagrant fowls: and that they may not scale the fence between man and his neighbours, their wings are clipped by the miser's master-maxim—Charity begins at home. It certainly stays there.

The habit of regarding men as dishonest rivals, dries up, also, the kindlier feelings. A shrewd trafficker, must watch his fellows, be suspicious of their proffers, vigilant of their movements, and jealous of their pledges. The world's way is a very crooked way, and a very guileful one. Its travellers creep by stealth, or walk carefully, or glide in concealments, or appear in specious guises. He who stands out-watching among men, to pluck his advantage from their hands, or to lose it by their wiles, comes at length to regard all men as either enemies or instruments. Of course he thinks it fair to strip an enemy, and just as fair to use an instrument. Men are no more to him than bales, boxes, or goods—mere matters of traffic. If he ever relaxes his commercial rigidity to indulge in the fictions of poetry, it is when, perhaps on Sundays, or at a funeral, he talks quite prettily about friendship, and generosity, and philanthropy. The tightest ship may leak in a storm, and an unbartered penny may escape from this man, when the surprise of solicitation gives no time

for thought. He is, however, generous; very generous, very considerate, and very kind—to himself; but here the stream sinks, and is seen no more.

The heart cannot wholly petrify without some honest revulsions. Opiates are administered to it. This business man tells his heart that it is beset by unscrupulous enemies; that beneficent virtues are doors to let them in; that liberality is bread given to one's foes; and selfishness only self-defence. At the same time, he enriches the future with generous promises. While he is getting rich, he cannot afford to be liberal; but when once he is rich! ah! how liberal he means to be—as though habits could be unbuckled like a girdle, and were not rather steel-bands riveted, defying the edge of any man's resolution, and clasping the heart with invincible servitude!

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth, is like a citadel stormed in war. The banner of victory waves over dilapidated walls, desolate chambers, and magazines riddled with artillery. Men, covered with sweat, and begrimed with toil, expect to find joy in a heart reduced by selfishness to a smouldering heap of ruins.

I warn every aspirant for wealth against the infernal canker of selfishness. It will eat out the heart with the fire of hell, or bake it harder than a stone. The heart of avari-

cious old age stands like a bare rock in a bleak wilderness, and there is no rod of authority, nor incantation of pleasure, which can draw from it one crystal drop to quench the raging thirst for satisfaction. But listen not to my words alone; hear the solemn voice of God, pronouncing doom upon the selfish: "Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."\*

5. I warn you against seeking wealth by covert dishonesty. The everlasting plea of petty fraud or open dishonesty, is, its necessity or profitableness.

It is neither necessary nor profitable. The hope is a deception, the excuse a lie. The severity of competition affords no reason for dishonesty in word or deed. Competition is fair, but not all methods of competition. A mechanic may compete with a mechanic by rising earlier, by greater industry, by greater skill, more punctuality, greater thoroughness, by employing better materials, by a more scrupulous fidelity to promises, and by facility and accommodation. A merchant may study to excel competitors by a better selection of goods, by more obliging manners, by more rigid honesty, by a better knowledge of the market, by better taste in the arrangement

\* James v. 2, 3.

of his goods. Industry, honesty, kindness, taste, genius and skill, are the only materials of all rightful competition.

But whenever you have exerted all your knowledge, all your skill, all your industry, with long-continued patience and without success, then, it is clear, not that you may proceed to employ trick and cunning, but that you must stop! God has put before you a bound which no man may overleap. There may be the appearance of gain on the knavish side of the wall of honour. Traps are always baited with food sweet to the taste of the intended victim; and Satan is too crafty a trapper not to scatter the pitfall of dishonesty with some shining particles of gold.

But what if fraud were necessary to permanent success? will you take success upon such terms? I perceive, too often, that young men regard the argument as ended, when they prove to themselves that they cannot be rich, without guile. Very well, then; be poor. But if you prefer money to honour, you may well swear fidelity to the villain's law. If it is not base and detestable to gain by equivocation, neither is it by lying; and if not by lying, neither is it by stealing; and if not by stealing, neither by robbery, or murder. Will you tolerate the loss of honour and honesty for the sake of profit? For exactly this, Judas betrayed Christ, and Arnold his country. Because it is the only way to gain some pleasure,



may a wife yield her honour? a politician sell himself? a statesman barter his counsel? a judge take bribes? a juryman forswear himself? or a witness commit perjury? Then virtues are marketable commodities, and may be hung up, like meat in the shambles, or sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Who can afford a victory gained by a defeat of his virtues? What prosperity can compensate the plundering of a man's heart? "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches:"\* sooner or later every man will find it so.

With what dismay would Esau have sorrowed for a lost birthright, had he lost, also, the pitiful mess of pottage for which he sold it? With what double despair would Judas have clutched at death, if he had not obtained even the thirty pieces of silver which were to pay his infamy? And with what utter confusion will all dishonest men, who have been learning of the devil to defraud other men, find at length, that he was giving his most finished lesson of deception by cheating them; and making poverty and disgrace the only fruit of the lies and frauds which were framed for profit. "Getting treasure by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death."†

Men have only looked upon the beginning of a career, when they pronounce upon the

\* Prov. xxli. 1.

† Prov. xxi. 6.

profitableness of dishonesty. Many a ship goes gaily out of the harbour which never returns again. That only is a good voyage which brings home the richly freighted ship. God explicitly declares that an inevitable curse of dishonesty shall fall upon the criminal himself, or upon his children: "He that by usury, and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor."\* "His children are far from safety, and they are crushed in the gate. Neither is there any to deliver them; the robber swalloweth up his substance."†

Iniquities, whose end is dark as midnight, are permitted to open as bright as the morning; the most poisonous bud unfolds with brilliant colours. So the threshold of perdition is burnished till it glows like the gate of paradise. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death."‡ This is dishonesty described to the life. At first you look down upon a smooth and verdant path, covered with flowers, perfumed with odours, and overhung with fruits of grateful shade. Its long perspective is illusive; for it ends quickly in a precipice over which you pitch into irretrievable ruin.

For the sources of this inevitable disaster, we need look no further than the effect of dishonesty upon a man's own mind. The diffe-

\* Proverbs xxvii. 8. † Job v. 4, 5. ‡ Prov. xiv. 12.

rence between cunning and wisdom, is the difference between acting by the certain and immutable laws of nature, and acting by the shifts of temporary expedients. An honest man puts his prosperity upon the broad current of those laws which govern the world. A crafty man means to pry between them, to steer across them, to take advantage of them. An honest man steers by God's chart; and a dishonest man by his own. Which is the most liable to perplexities and fatal mistakes of judgment? Wisdom steadily ripens to the end; cunning is worm-bitten, and soon drops from the tree.

I could repeat the names of many men (every village has such, and they swarm in cities) who are skilful, indefatigable, but audaciously dishonest; and for a time they seemed going straight forward to the realm of wealth. I never knew a single one to avoid ultimate ruin. Men who act under dishonest passions are like men riding fierce horses. It is not always with the rider when or where he shall stop.—If for his sake the steed dashes wildly on while the road is smooth, so, turning suddenly into a rough and dangerous way, the rider must go madly forward for the steed's sake; now chafed, his mettle up, his eyes a-fire, and beast and burden, like a bolt speeding through the air, until some bound or sudden fall tumble both to the ground, a crushed and mangled mass.

A man pursuing plain ends by honest means may be troubled on every side, yet not distressed: perplexed, but not in despair: persecuted, but not forsaken: cast down, but not destroyed.\* But those that pursue their advantage, by a round of dishonesties, "when fear cometh as a desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish come upon them, \* \* \* shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices; for the turning away of the simple shall slay them; and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them."†

6. The Bible overflows with warnings to those who gain wealth by violent extortion, or by any flagrant villany. Some men stealthily slip from under them the possessions of the poor. Some beguile the simple and heedless of their patrimony. Some tyrannize over ignorance, and extort from it its fair domains. Some steal away the senses and intoxicate the mind—the more readily and largely to cheat; some set their traps in all the dark places of men's adversity, and prowl for wrecks all along the shores on which men's fortunes go to pieces. Men will take advantage of extreme misery to wring it with more griping tortures, and compel it to the extremest sacrifices, and stop only when no more can be borne by the sufferer, or nothing more extracted by the usurer. The earth is as full of avaricious mon-

\* 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9.

† Prov. i. 27—32.

sters, as the tropical forests are of beasts of prey. But amid all the lions, the tigers, and hyenas, is seen the stately bulk of three huge behemoths.

The first behemoth is that incarnate fiend who navigates the ocean to traffic in human misery, and freight with the groans and tears of agony. Distant shores are sought with cords and manacles; villages are surprised with torch and sword; and the loathsome ship swallows what the sword and the fire has spared. By night and day the voyage speeds, and the storm spares wretches more relentless than itself. The wind wafts and the sun lights the path of a ship whose log is written in blood. Hideous profits, dripping red, even at this hour, lure these infernal miscreants to their remorseless errands. The thirst of gold inspires such courage, skill, and cunning vigilance, that the thunders of four allied navies cannot sink the infamous fleet.

What wonder? Just such a behemoth of rapacity stalks among us, and fattens on the blood of our sons. Men there are, who without a pang of remorse, will coolly wait for character to rot, and health to sink, and means to melt, that they may suck up the last drop of the victim's blood. Our streets are full of reeling wretches whose bodies and manhood and souls have been crushed and put to the press that monsters might wring out of them

a wine for their infernal thirst.—The agony of midnight massacre, the phrenzy of the ship's dungeon, the living death of the middle passage, the walls of separation, and the dismal torpor of hopeless servitude—are these found only in the piracy of the slave-trade? They are all among us! worse assassinations! worse dragging to a prison-ship! worse groans ringing from the fetid hold! worse separations of families! worse bondage of intemperate men, enslaved by that most inexorable of all task-masters—sensual habit.

The third behemoth is seen lurking among the Indian savages, and bringing the arts of learning, and the skill of civilization to aid in plundering the debauched barbarian. The cunning, murdering, scalping Indian, is no match for the Christian white man. Compared with the midnight knavery of men reared in schools, rocked by religion, tempered and taught by the humane institutions of liberty and civilization, all the craft of the savage is twilight.—Vast estates have been accumulated without having an honest farthing in them. Our penitentiaries might be sent to school to the treaty grounds and council grounds. Smugglers and swindlers might humble themselves in the presence of Indian traders. All the crimes against property known to our laws flourish with unnatural rigour; and some, unknown to civilized villany. To swindle ignorance, to overreach simplicity, to lie without

scruple to any extent, from mere implication down to perjury; to tempt the savages to rob each other, and to receive their plunder; to sell goods at incredible prices to the sober Indian, then to intoxicate him and steal them all back by a sham bargain, to be sold again and stolen again; to employ falsehood, lust, threats, whiskey, and even the knife and the pistol; in short, to consume the Indian's substance by every vice and crime possible to an unprincipled heart, inflamed with an insatiable rapacity, unwatched by justice, and unrestrained by law—this it is to be an Indian trader. I would rather inherit the bowels of Vesuvius, or make my bed in Etna, than own the burning lava of those estates which have been scalped off from human beings as a hunter strips a beaver of its fur. Of all these, of all who gain possessions by extortion and robbery, never let yourself be envious. "I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt and speak wickedly concerning oppression. They have set their mouth against the heaven, and their tongue walketh through the earth. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places, thou castedst them down into destruction as in a moment. They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a

dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord ! when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image !”\*

I would not bear their hearts who have so made money, were the world a solid globe of gold, and mine. I would not stand for them in the judgment, were every star of heaven a realm of riches, and mine. I would not walk with them the burning marl of Hell, to bear their torment, and utter their groans for the throne of Heaven itself.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter. Riches bought with guile, God will pay for with vengeance. Riches got by fraud are dug out of one’s own heart, and destroy the mine. Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, in transmitting. They curse his children in their father’s memory, in their own wasteful habits, in drawing around them all bad men to be their companions.

While I do not discourage your search for wealth, I warn you that it is not a cruise upon level seas, and under bland skies. You advance where ten thousand are broken in pieces before they reach the mart ; where those who reach it are worn out, by their labours, past enjoying their riches. You seek a land pleasant to the sight, but dangerous to the feet ; a land of fragrant winds, which lull to security ;

\* Psalm lxxiii.



of golden fruits which are poisonous, of glorious hues which dazzle and mislead.

You may be rich and be pure; but it will cost you a struggle. You may be rich and go to heaven, but ten, doubtless, will sink beneath their riches, where one breaks through them to heaven. If you have entered this shining way, begin to look for snares and traps. Go not careless of your danger, and provoking it. See, on every side of you, how many there are who seal God's word with their blood :—

“They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.”\*

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## LECTURE IV.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. i. 10.

HE who is allured to embrace evil under some engaging form of beauty, or seductive appearance of good, is enticed. A man is *tempted* to what he knows to be sinful; he is *enticed* where the evil appears to be innocent.

\* 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.

The enticer wins his way by bewildering the moral sense, setting false lights a-head of the imagination, painting disease with the hues of health, making impurity to glow like innocence, strewing the broad road with flowers; lulling its travellers with soothing music, hiding all its chasms, covering its pitfalls, and closing its long perspective with the mimic glow of paradise.

The young are seldom tempted to outright wickedness; evil comes to them as an enticement. The honest generosity and fresh heart of youth would revolt from open meanness and undisguised vice. The adversary conforms his wiles to their nature.

He tempts them to the basest deeds by beginning with innocent ones, gliding to more exceptionable, and finally, to positively wicked ones. All our warnings then must be against the vernal beauty of vice. Its autumn and winter none wish. It is my purpose to describe the enticement of particular men upon the young.

Every youth knows that there are dangerous men abroad who would injure him by lying, by slander, by over-reaching and plundering him. From such they have little to fear, because they are upon their guard. Few imagine that they have any thing to dread from those who have no designs against them; yet such is the instinct of imitation, so insensibly does the example of men steal upon us and

warp our conduct to their likeness, that the young often receive a deadly injury from men with whom they never spoke. As all bodies in nature give out or receive caloric until there is an equilibrium of temperature, so there is a radiation of character upon character. Our thoughts, our tastes, our emotions, our partialities, our prejudices, and finally, our conduct and habits, are insensibly changed by the silent influence of men who never once directly tempted us, or even knew the effect which they produced. I shall draw for your inspection some of those dangerous men, whose open or silent enticement has availed against thousands, and will be exerted upon thousands more.

I. THE WIT. It is sometimes said by phlegmatic theologians that Christ never laughed, but often wept. I shall not quarrel with the assumption. I only say that men have within them a faculty of mirthfulness which God created. I suppose it was meant for use. Those who do not feel the impulsion of this faculty, are not the ones to sit in judgment upon those who do. It would be very absurd for an owl in an ivy bush, to read lectures on optics to an eagle; or for a mole to counsel a lynx on the sin of sharp-sightedness. He is divinely favoured who may trace a silver vein in all the affairs of life; see sparkles of light in the gloomiest scenes; and absolute radiance in those which are bright. There

are in the clouds ten thousand inimitable forms and hues to be found nowhere else; there are in plants and trees beautiful shapes and endless varieties of colour; there are in flowers minute pencillings of exquisite shade; in fruits a delicate bloom,—like a veil, making the face of beauty more beautiful; sporting among the trees, and upon the flowers, are tiny insects—gems which glow like living diamonds. Ten thousand eyes stare full upon these things and see nothing; and yet thus the Divine Artist has finished his matchless work. Thus, too, upon all the labours of life, the events of each hour, the course of good or evil; upon each action, or word, or attitude, upon all the endless changes transpiring among myriad men, there is a delicate grace, or bloom, or sparkle, or radiance, which catches the eye of wit, and delights it with appearances which are, to the weightier matters of life, what odours, colours, and symmetry, are to the marketable and commercial properties of matter.

A mind imbued with this feeling is full of dancing motes, such as we see moving in sunbeams when they pour through some shutter into a dark room; and when the sights and conceptions of wit are uttered in words, they diffuse upon others that pleasure whose brightness shines upon its own cheerful imagination.

It is not strange that the wit is a universal favourite. All companies rejoice in his pre-

sence, watch for his words, repeat his language. He moves like a comet whose incomings and outgoings are uncontrollable. He astonishes the regular stars with the eccentricity of his orbit, and flirts his long tail athwart the heaven without the slightest misgivings that it will be troublesome, and conquers the very sun with audacious familiarity. When wit is unperturbed, it lightens labour, makes the very face of care to shine, diffuses cheerfulness among men, multiplies the sources of harmless enjoyment, gilds the dark things of life, and heightens the lustre of the brightest. If perturbed, wit becomes an instrument of malevolence, it gives a deceitful colouring to vice, it reflects a semblance of truth upon error, and distorts the features of real truth by false lights.

The Wit is liable to indolence by relying upon his genius; to vanity, by the praise which is offered as incense; to malignant sarcasm, to revenge his affronts; to dissipation, from the habit of exhilaration, and from the company which court him. The *mere* Wit is only a human bauble. He is to life what bells are to horses, not expected to draw the load, but only to jingle while the horses draw.

The young often repine at their own native dulness; and since God did not choose to endow them with this shining quality, they will make it for themselves. Forthwith they are smitten with the itch of imitation. Their

ears purvey to their mouth the borrowed jest; their eyes note the Wit's fashion, and the awkward youth clumsily apes, in a side circle, the Wit's deft and graceful gesture, the smooth smile, the roguish twinkle, the sly look—much as Caliban would imitate Ariel. Every community is supplied with self-made wits. One retails other men's sharp witticisms, as a Jew puts off thread-bare garments. Another roars over his own brutal quotations of Scripture. Another invents a witticism by a logical deduction of circumstances, and sniffs and giggles over the result as complacently as if other men laughed too. Others lie in wait around your conversation to trip up some word, or strike a light out of some sentence. Others fish in dictionaries for pitiful puns;—and all fulfil the prediction of Isaiah: *Ye shall conceive chaff, and bring forth stubble.*

It becomes a mania. Each school has its allusions, each circle has its apish motion, each companion its park of wit artillery; and we find street-wit, shop-wit, auction-wit, school-wit, fool's-wit, whiskey-wit, stable-wit, and almost every kind of wit, but mother-wit;—puns, quibbles, catches, would-be- jests, thread-bare stories, and gew-gaw tinsel, —every thing but the real *diamond*, which sparkles simply because God made it so that it could not help sparkling. Real, native mirthfulness is like a pleasant rill which quietly wells up in some verdant nook, and

steals out from among reeds and willows noiselessly, and is seen far down the meadow, as much by the fruitfulness of its edges in flowers, as by its own glimmering light.

Let every one beware of the insensible effect of witty men upon him; they gild lies, so that base coin may pass for true; that which is grossly wrong, wit may make fascinating; when no argument could persuade you, the coruscations of wit may dazzle and blind you; when duty presses you, the threatenings of this human lightning may make you afraid to do right. Remember that the very *best* office of wit, is only to lighten the serious labours of life; that it is only a torch, by which men may cheer the gloom of a dark way. When it sets up to be your counsellor or your guide, it is the fool's fire, flitting irregularly and leading you into the quag or morass. The great Dramatist represents a witty sprite to have put an ass's head upon a man's shoulders; beware that you do not let this mischievous sprite put an ape's head upon yours.

If God has not given you this quicksilver, no art can make it; nor need you regret it. The stone, the wood, and the iron are a thousand times more valuable to society than pearls and diamonds and rare gems; and *sterling sense*, and *industry*, and *integrity*, are better a thousand times, in the hard work of living, than the brilliance of wit.

II. There is a character which I shall de-

scribe as the HUMOURIST. I do not employ the term to designate one who indulges in that pleasantest of all wit—latent wit; but to describe a creature who conceals a coarse animalism under a brilliant, jovial exterior. The dangerous humourist is of a plump condition, evincing the excellent digestion of a good eater, and answering very well to the Psalmist's description: *His eyes stand out with fatness; he is not in trouble as other men are; he has more than heart could wish, and his tongue walketh through the earth.* Whatever is pleasant in ease, whatever is indulgent in morals, whatever is solacing in luxury; the jovial few, the convivial many, the glass, the cards, the revel, and midnight uproar,—these are his delights. His manners are easy and agreeable; his face redolent of fun and good nature; his whole air that of a man fond of the utmost possible bodily refreshment. Withal, he is sufficiently circumspect and secretive of his course, to maintain a place in genteel society, for that is a luxury. He is not a glutton, but a choice eater. He is not a gross drinker, only a gentlemanly consumer of every curious compound of liquor. He has travelled: he can tell you which, in every city, is the best bar, the best restaurateur, the best stable. He knows every theatre, each actor; particularly is he versed in the select morsels of the scandalous indulgence peculiar to each. He knows every race-course, every nag, the history of all the famous



matches, and the pedigree of every distinguished horse. The whole vocabulary of pleasure is vernacular,—its wit, its slang, its watchwords, and black-letter literature. He is a profound annalist of scandal; every stream of news, clear or muddy, disembogues into the gulf of his prodigious memory. He can tell you, after living but a week in a city, who gambles, when, for what sums, and with what fate; who is impure, who was, who is suspected, who is not suspected—but ought to be. He is a morbid anatomist of morals; a brilliant flesh-fly—unerring to detect taint.

Like other men, he loves admiration and desires to extend his influence. All these manifold accomplishments are exhibited before the callow young. That he may secure a train of useful followers, he is profuse of money; and moves among them with an easy, insinuating frankness, a never-ceasing gaiety, so spicy with fun, so diverting with stories, so full of little hits, sly innuendoes, or solemn wit, with now and then a rare touch of dexterous mimicry, and the whole so pervaded by the indescribable flavour, the changing hues of humour,—that the young are bewildered with idolatrous admiration. What gay young man, who is old enough to admire himself and be ashamed of his parents, can resist a man so bedewed with humour, narrating exquisite stories with such mock gravity, with such slyness of mouth, and twinkling of

the eye, with such grotesque attitudes, and significant gestures? He is declared to be the most remarkable man in the world. Now take off this man's dress, put out the one faculty of mirthfulness, and he will stand disclosed without a single positive virtue! With strong appetites deeply indulged, hovering perpetually upon the twilight edge of every vice; and whose wickedness is only not apparent, because it is garnished with flowers and garlands; who is not despised, only because his various news, artfully told, keep us in good humour with ourselves! At one period of youthful life, this creature's influence supplants that of every other man. There is an absolute fascination in him which awakens a *craving* in the mind to be of his circle; plain duties become drudgery, home has no light; life at its ordinary key is monotonous, and must be screwed up to the concert pitch of this wonderful genius! As he tells his stories, so with a wretched grimace of imitation, apprentices will try to tell them; as he gracefully swings through the street, they will roll; they will leer because he stares genteelly; he sips, they guzzle—and talk impudently, because he talks with easy confidence. He walks erect, they strut; he lounges, they loll; he is less than a man, and they become even less than he. Copper-rings, huge blotches of breast-pins, wild streaming handkerchiefs, jaunty hats, odd clothes, superfluous walking-sticks. ill-uttered oaths, stupid

jokes, and blundering pleasantries—these are the first fruits of imitation! There are various grades of it, from the office, store, shop, street, clear down to the hostelry and stable. Our cities are filled with these juvenile non-descript monsters, these compounds of vice, low wit, and vulgarity. The original is morally detestable, and the counterfeit is a very base imitation of a very base thing; the dark shadow of a very ugly substance.

III. THE CYNIC. The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he will answer, *Yes, in the day time*. If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: *yes, as yet*. Mr. A. is a religious man: *Yes, on Sundays*. Mr. B. has just joined the church: *certainly; the elections are coming on*. The minister

of the gospel is called an example of diligence; *it is his trade*. Such a man is generous: *of other men's money*. This man is obliging; *to lull suspicion and cheat you*. That man is upright; *because he is green*. Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase, transfixing every character which is presented: *his words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords*.

All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honour a man who appears to have *found out mankind*. They begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long-tried and the venerable.

I do believe that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream. THEREFORE, I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions, I can find a single flower spring-

ing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

Moss will grow upon grave-stones, the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile, the mistle-toe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart.

Who could walk through Thebes, Palmyra, or Petræa, and survey the wide waste of broken arches, crumbled altars, fallen pillars, effaced cornices, toppling walls, and crushed statues, with no feelings but those of contempt? Who, unsorrowing, could see the stork's nest upon the carved pillar, satyrs dancing on marble pavements, and scorpions nestling where beauty once dwelt, and dragons the sole tenants of royal palaces? Amid such melancholy magnificence, even the misanthrope might weep! If here and there an altar stood unbruised, or a graven column unblemished, or a statue nearly perfect, he might well feel love for a man-wrought stone, so beautiful, when all else is so dreary and desolate. Thus, though man is as a desolate city, and his passions are as the wild beasts of the wilderness, howling in kings' palaces, yet he is God's workmanship, and a thousand touches

of exquisite beauty remain. Since Christ hath put his sovereign hand to restore man's ruin, many points are remoulded, and the fair form of a new fabric already appears growing from the ruins, and the first faint flame is glimmering upon the restored altar.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison; and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

Although experience should correct the indiscriminate confidence of the young, no experience should render them callous to goodness wherever seen. He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered, that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. A swollen wretch, blotched all over with leprosy, may grin hideously at every wart or excrescence upon beauty. A wholesome man will be pained at it, and seek not to notice it. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man!

## SLOTH.

Two principles from the beginning strove  
 In human nature, still dividing man,—  
 Sloth and activity; the lust of praise,  
 And indolence that rather wished to sleep.  
 And not unfrequently in the same mind  
 They dubious contest held; one gaining now,  
 And now the other crowned, and both again  
 Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.  
 Much different was their voice. Ambition called  
 To action, Sloth invited to repose.  
 Ambition early rose, and, being up,  
 Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest;  
 Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,  
 Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,  
 And, having rolled him out with much ado,  
 And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,  
 He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly,—  
 With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye.  
 Somniferous, that weighed the object down  
 On which its burden fell,—an hour or two,  
 Then with a groan retired to rest again.  
 The one, whatever deed had been achieved,  
 Thought it too little, and too small the praise;  
 The other tried to think—for thinking so  
 Answered his purpose best—that what of great  
 Mankind could do had been already done;  
 And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.

POLLOCK.

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If every hour knows its proper employment, no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.

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Give us this day our daily bread. Matt. vi. 11.

This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some who walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busy-bodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread. 2 Thess. iii. 10, 12.

An idle soul shall suffer hunger. Prov. xix. 15.

An abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters. Ezek. xvi. 49.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MY FAREWELL.

As written by a little girl, daughter of the pious  
H. B. Taylor, just before leaving home.

Oh, mother, must we part so soon,  
And can I leave you all alone—  
Leave the dear friends I love so well;  
Oh, mother, must I say farewell?

And who can help you when I'm gone?  
And sit and chat with you so long,  
Or hear sweet Mary read and spell,  
Oh, mother, can I say farewell?

And who can teach me what to do,  
As my own mother taught me to;  
Or soothe my angry passions' quell,  
Oh, mother, can I say farewell?

And can I leave my home so sweet,  
Where all of us are wont to meet?  
Leave my schoolmates, loved so well?  
Oh, mother, must I say farewell?

Yes, I will leave my friends so kind,  
With knowledge new to store my mind,  
No longer now to hear our bell,  
Then teachers, scholars, all, farewell!

And if on earth no more we meet,  
May we in heaven find a seat,  
With friends departed ever dwell,  
Then father, mother, all, farewell!

NANNY TAYLOR.

Rev. H. W. Beecher is a son of Dr. Lyman  
Beecher, of Cincinnati.

It is due the Publishers of Mr. B.'s *Lecture*<sup>®</sup>  
Young Men, to say, that this *Treatise* has



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